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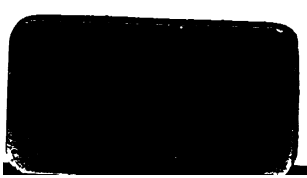
The Cook of the Ice



This One
L52L-SFZ-EXE6

Emma Frier

THE CLINK
OF
THE ICE
AND
OTHER POEMS
WORTH READING

BY
EUGENE FIELD

CHICAGO
M. A. DONOHUE & CO.

SELECTED WORKS *of*
EUGENE FIELD

Uniform with this volume

The Clink of the Ice
Hoosier Lyrics
In Wink-a-Way Land
John Smith, U. S. A.

Four volumes, boxed, $3.00
Single volumes, 75 cents, postpaid

M. A. DONOHUE & CO.
701-727 S. DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO

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INTRODUCTION.

From whatever point of view the character of Eugene Field is seen, genius—rare and quaint presents itself in childlike simplicity. That he was a poet of keen perception, of rare discrimination, all will admit. He was a humorist as delicate and fanciful as Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, Opie Read, or Bret Harte in their happiest moods. Within him ran a poetic vein, capable of being worked in any direction, and from which he could, at will, extract that which his imagination saw and felt most. That he occasionally left the child-world, in which he longed to linger, to wander among the older children of men, where intuitively the hungry listener follows him into his Temple of Mirth, all should rejoice, for those who knew him not, can while away the moments imbibing the genius of his imagination in the poetry and prose here presented.

Though never possessing an intimate acquaintanceship with Field, owing largely to the disparity in our ages, still there existed a bond of

friendliness that renders my good opinion of him in a measure trustworthy. Born in the same city, both students in the same college, engaged at various times in newspaper work both in St. Louis and Chicago, residents of the same ward, with many mutual friends, it is not surprising that I am able to say of him that "the world is better off that he lived, not in gold and silver or precious jewels, but in the bestowal of priceless truths, of which the possessor of this book becomes a benefactor of no mean share of his estate."

Every lover of Field, whether of the songs of childhood or the poems that lend mirth to the out-pouring of his poetic nature, will welcome this unique collection of his choicest wit and humor.

CHARLES WALTER BROWN.

Chicago, January, 1905.

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The Clink of the Ice

Notably fond of music, I dote on a sweeter tone
Than ever the harp has uttered or ever the lute has known.
When I wake at five in the morning with a feeling in my head
Suggestive of mild excesses before I retired to bed;
When a small but fierce volcano vexes me sore inside,
And my throat and mouth are furred with a fur that seemeth a buffalo hide,—
How gracious those dews of solace that over my senses fall
At the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up the hall!

Oh, is it the gaudy ballet, with features I cannot name,
That kindles in virile bosoms that slow but devouring flame?
Or is it the midnight supper, eaten before we retire,

That presently by combustion setteth us all afire?
Or is it the cheery magnum,—nay, I'll not chide the cup
That makes the meekest mortal anxious to whoop things up:
Yet, what the cause soever, relief comes when we call,—
Relief with that rapturous clinkety-clink that clinketh alike for all.

I've dreamt of the fiery furnace that was one vast bulk of flame,
And that I was Abednego a-wallowing in that same;
And I've dreamt I was a crater, possessed of a mad desire
To vomit molten lava, and to snort big gobs of fire;
I've dreamt I was Roman candles and rockets that fizzed and screamed,—
In short, I have dreamt the cussedest dream that ever a human dreamed:
But all the red-hot fancies were scattered quick as a wink
When the spirit within that pitcher went clinking its clinkety-clink.

Boy, why so slow in coming with that gracious,
saving cup?
Oh, haste thee to the succor of the man who
is burning up!
See how the ice bobs up and down, as if it
wildly strove
To reach its grace to the wretch who feels like
a red-hot kitchen stove!
The piteous clinks it clinks methinks should
thrill you through and through:
An erring soul is wanting drink, and he wants
it p. d. q.!
And, lo! the honest pitcher, too, falls in so dire
a fret
That its pallid form is presently bedewed with
a chilly sweat.

May blessings be showered upon the man who
first devised this drink
That happens along at five a.m. with its rap-
turous clinkety-clink!
I never have felt the cooling flood go sizzling
down my throat
But what I vowed to hymn a hymn to that
clinkety-clink devote;
So now, in the prime of my manhood, I polish
this lyric gem

For the uses of all good fellows who are thirsty at five a.m.,
But specially for those fellows who have known the pleasing thrall
Of the clink of the ice in the pitcher the boy brings up the hall.

Sister's Cake

I'd not complain of Sister Jane, for she was
good and kind,
Combining with rare comeliness distinctive
gifts of mind;
Nay, I'll admit it were most fit that, worn by
social cares,
She'd crave a change from parlor life to that
below the stairs,
And that, eschewing needlework and music,
she should take
Herself to the substantial art of manufacturing
cake.

At breakfast, then, it would befall that Sister
Jane would say:
"Mother, if you have got the things, I'll make
some cake to-day!"
Poor mother'd cast a timid glance at father,
like as not—
For father hinted sister's cooking cost a fright-
ful lot—

But neither *she* nor *he* presumed to signify dissent,
Accepting it for gospel truth that what she wanted went!

No matter what the rest of 'em might chance to have in hand,
The whole machinery of the house came to a sudden stand;
The pots were hustled off the stove, the fire built up anew,
With every damper set just so to heat the oven through;
The kitchen-table was relieved of everything, to make
That ample space which Jane required when she compounded cake.

And, oh! the hustling here and there, the flying to and fro;
The click of forks that whipped the eggs to lather white as snow—
And what a wealth of sugar melted swiftly out of sight—
And butter? Mother said such waste would ruin father, quite!

But Sister Jane preserved a mien no pleading could confound
As she utilized the raisins and the citron by the pound.

Oh, hours of chaos, tumult, heat, vexatious din and whirl!
Of deep humiliation for the sullen hired-girl;
Of grief for mother, hating to see things wasted so,
And of fortune for that little boy who pined to taste that dough!
It looked so sweet and yellow—sure, to taste it were no sin—
But, oh! how sister scolded if he stuck his finger in!

The chances were as ten to one, before the job was through,
That sister'd think of something else she'd great deal rather do!
So, then, she'd softly steal away, as Arabs in the night,
Leaving the girl and ma to finish up as best they might;
These tactics (artful Sister Jane) enabled her to take
Or shift the credit or the blame of that too-treacherous cake!

And yet, unhappy is the man who has no Sister Jane—
For he who has no sister seems to me to live in vain.
I never had a sister—may be that is why to-day
I'm wizened and dyspeptic, instead of blithe and gay;
A boy who's only forty should be full of romp and mirth,
But *I* (because I'm sisterless) am the oldest man on earth!

Had I a little sister—oh, how happy I should be!
I'd never let her cast her eyes on any chap but me;
I'd love her and I'd cherish her for better and for worse—
I'd buy her gowns and bonnets, and sing her praise in verse;
And—yes, what's more, and vastly more—I tell you what I'd do:
I'd let her make her wondrous cake, and I would eat it, too!

I have a high opinion of the sisters, as you see—
Another fellow's sister is so very dear to me!

I love to work anear her when she's making
over frocks,
When she patches little trousers or darns
prosaic socks;
But I draw the line at one thing—yes, I don
my hat and take
A three hours' walk when she is moved to try
her hand at cake!

Crumpets and Tea

There are happenings in life that are destined
to rise
Like dear, hallowed visions before a man's
eyes;
And the passage of years shall not dim in the
least
The glory and joy of our Sabbath-day feast—
The Sabbath-day luncheon that's spread for us
three—
My worthy companions, Teresa and Leigh,
And me, all so hungry for crumpets and tea.

There are cynics who say with invidious zest
That a crumpet's a thing that will never
digest;
But I happen to *know* that a crumpet is prime
For digestion, if only you give it its time.
Or if, by a chance, it should *not* quite agree,
Why, who would begrudge a physician his fee
For plying his trade on crumpets and tea?

To toast crumpets quite *à la mode*, I require
A proper long fork and a proper quick fire;

And, when they are browned, without further ado
I put on the butter, that soaks through and through.
And meantime Teresa, directed by Leigh,
Compounds and pours out a rich brew for us three;
And so we sit down to our crumpets—and tea.

A hand-organ grinds in the street a weird bit,—
Confound those Italians! I wish they would quit
Interrupting our feast with their dolorous airs,
Suggestive of climbing the heavenly stairs.
(It's thoughts of the future, as all will agree,
That we fain would dismiss from our bosoms when we
Sit down to discussion of crumpets and tea!)

The Sabbath-day luncheon whereof I now speak
Quite answers its purpose the rest of the week;
Yet with the next Sabbath I wait for the bell
Announcing the man who has crumpets to sell;
Then I scuttle downstairs in a frenzy of glee,
And purchase for sixpence enough for us three,
Who hunger and hanker for crumpets and tea.

But soon—ah! too soon—I must bid a farewell
To joys that succeed to the sound of that bell,
Must hie me away from the dank, foggy shore
That's filled me with colic and—yearnings for more!
Then the cruel, the heartless, the conscience-less sea
Shall bear me afar from Teresa and Leigh
And the other twin friendships of crumpets and tea.

Yet often, ay, ever, before my wan eyes
That Sabbath-day luncheon of old shall arise.
My stomach, perhaps, shall improve by the change,
Since crumpets it seems to prefer at long range;
But, oh, how my palate will hanker to be
In London again with Teresa and Leigh,
Enjoying the rapture of crumpets and tea!

"Rare Roast Beef"

When the numerous distempers to which all
flesh is heir
Torment us till our very souls are reeking with
despair;
When that monster fiend, Dyspepsy, rears its
spectral hydra head,
Filling *bon vivants* and epicures with certain
nameless dread;
When *any* ill of body or of intellect abounds,
Be it sickness known to Galen or disease un-
known to Lowndes,—
In such a dire emergency it is my firm belief
That there is no diet quite so good as rare
roast beef.

And even when the body's in the very prime
of health,
When sweet contentment spreads upon the
cheeks her rosy wealth,
And when a man devours three meals per day
and pines for more,

And growls because, instead of three square
meals, there are not four,—
Well, even then, though cake and pie do serv-
ice on the side,
And coffee is a luxury that may not be
denied,
Still, of the many viands, there is one that's
hailed as chief,
And that, as you are well aware, is rare roast
beef.

Some like the sirloin, but I think the porter-
house is best,—
'Tis juicier and tenderer and meatier than the
rest;
Put on this roast a dash of salt, and then of
water pour
Into the sizzling dripping-pan a cupful, and no
more;
The oven being hot, the roast will cook in half
an hour;
Then to the juices in the pan you add a little
flour,
And so you get a gravy that is called the cap
sheaf
Of that glorious *summum bonum*, rare roast
beef.

Served on a platter that is hot, and carved
with thin, keen knife,
How does this savory viand enhance the worth
of life!
Give me no thin and shadowy slice, but a thick
and steaming slad–
Who would not choose a generous hunk to a
bloodless little dab?
Upon a nice hot plate how does the juicy
morceau steam,
A symphony in scarlet or a red incarnate
dream!
Take from me eyes and ears and all, O Time,
thou ruthless thief!
Except these teeth wherewith to deal with
rare roast beef.

Most every kind and rôle of modern victuals
have I tried,
Including roasted, fricasseed, broiled, toasted,
stewed, and fried,
Your canvasbacks and papa-bottes and mut-
ton-chops subese,
Your patties à la Turkey and your doughnuts
à la grease;
I've whirled away dyspeptic hours with crabs
in marble halls,

And in the lowly cottage I've experienced
codfish balls;
But I've never found a viand that could so
allay all grief
And soothe the cockles of the heart as rare
roast beef.

I honor that sagacious king who, in a grateful
mood,
Knighted the savory loin that on the royal
table stood;
And as for me I'd ask no better friend than
this good roast,
Which is my squeamish stomach's fortress
(*feste Burg*) and host;
For, with this ally with me, I can mock Dys-
pepsy's wrath,
Can I pursue the joy of Wisdom's pleasant,
peaceful path.
So I do off my vest and let my waistband out a
reef
When I soever set me down to rare roast beef.

Mrs. Reilly's Peaches

Whether in Michigan they grew,
  Or by the far Pacific,
Or Jerseywards, I never knew
  Or cared—they were magnifique!
They set my hungry eyes aflame,
  My heart to beating quicker,
When trotted out by that good dame,
  A-drowned in spicy liquor!

Of divers sweets in many a land
  I have betimes partaken,
Yet now for those old joys I stand,
  My loyalty unshaken!
My palate, weary of the ways
  Of modern times, beseeches
The toothsome grace of halcyon days
  And Mrs. Reilly's peaches!

Studded with cloves and cinnamon,
  And duly spiced and pickled,
That viand was as choice an one
  As ever palate tickled!

And by those peaches on his plate
No valorous soul was daunted,
For oh, the more of them you ate
The more of them you wanted!

The years had dragged a weary pace
Since last those joys I tasted,
And I have grown so wan of face
And oh, so slender-waisted!
Yes, all is sadly changed, and yet
If this eulogium reaches
A certain lady, I shall get
A quick return in peaches.

The Pneumogastric Nerve

Upon an average, twice a week,
When anguish clouds my brow,
My good physician friend I seek
To know "what ails me now."
He taps me on the back and chest,
And scans my tongue for bile,
And lays an ear against my breast
And listens there awhile;
Then is he ready to admit
That all he can observe
Is something wrong inside, to wit:
My pneumogastric nerve!

Now, when these Latin names within
Dyspeptic hulks like mine
Go wrong, a fellow should begin
To draw what's called the line.
It seems, however, that this same,
Which in my hulk abounds,
Is not, despite its awful name,
So fatal as it sounds;
Yet, of all torments known to me,
I'll say without reserve,

There is no torment like to thee,
  Thou pneumogastric nerve!

This subtle, envious nerve appears
  To be a patient foe,—
It waited nearly forty years
  Its chance to lay me low;
Then, like some blithering blast of hell,
  It struck this guileless bard,
And in that evil hour I fell
  Prodigious far and hard.
Alas! what things I dearly love—
  Pies, puddings, and preserves—
Are sure to rouse the vengeance of
  All pneumogastric nerves!

Oh, that I could remodel man!
  I'd end these cruel pains
By hitting on a different plan
  From that which now obtains.
The stomach, greatly amplified,
  Anon should occupy
The all of that domain inside
  Where heart and lungs now lie.
But, first of all, I should depose
  That diabolic curve,
The author of my thousand woes,
  The pneumogastric nerve!

The Café Molineau

The Café Molineau is where
A dainty little minx
Serves God and men as best she can
By serving meats and drinks.
Oh, such an air the creature has,
And such a pretty face!
I took delight that autumn night
In hanging round the place.

I know but very little French
(I have not long been here);
But when she spoke, her meaning broke
Full sweetly on my ear.
Then, too, she seemed to understand
Whatever I'd to say,
Though most I knew was "oony poo,"
"Bong zhoor," and "see voo play."

The female wit is always quick,
And of all womankind
'Tis here in France that you, perchance,
The keenest wits shall find;

And here you'll find that subtle gift,
That rare, distinctive touch,
Combined with grace of form and face,
That glads men overmuch.

"Our girls at home," I mused aloud,
"Lack either that or this;
They don't combine the arts divine
As does the Gallic miss.
Far be it from me to malign
Our belles across the sea,
And yet I'll swear none can compare
With this ideal She."

And then I praised her dainty foot
In very awful French,
And parleywood in guileful mood
Until the saucy wench
Tossed back her haughty auburn head,
And froze me with disdain:
"There are on me no flies," said she,
"For I come from Bangor, Maine!"

A New Brand of Cigars

"La Marie Jansen" is a new brand of cigars that has been devised, manufactured, and uttered by an enterprising Boston man named Horace S. Woodbury. The vivacious lady who gives her name to these delectable weeds has honored us with a box of them, and we desire to testify to the superior quality of the same (the cigars). The Jansen has no equal among domestic goods, nor have we seen any foreign article that we prefer to it. It is of medium size, of proper heft, is well filled, and it imparts a singularly pleasing flavor to one's mouth. We know not how better to express our approval of this paragon of home industry than in these eloquent words of the inspired poet:

"The weed that's imported is commonly
courted,
But I claim that the home-made will do, sir;
So I hullaballoo f'r th' indigenous two-f'r,
And stand for the red-white-and-blue, sir.
The Jansen's the smoker for this jolly joker—
It draws well, is fragrant and dapper;
It is so much the best that I'd swap all the
rest
For just one—in a cute little wrapper."

The Onion Tart

Of tarts there be a thousand kinds,
  So versatile the art,
And, as we all have different minds,
  Each has his favorite tart;
But those which most delight the rest
  Methinks should suit me not:
The onion tart doth please me best—
  Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

Where but in Deutschland can be found
  This boon of which I sing?
Who but a Teuton could compound
  This *sui generis* thing?
None with the German frau can vie
  In arts cuisine, I wot,
Whose *summum bonum* breeds the sigh,
  "Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!"

You slice the fruit upon the dough,
  And season to the taste,
Then in an oven (not too slow)
  The viand should be placed;

And, when 'tis done, upon a plate
You serve it piping hot,
Your nostrils and your eyes dilate,—
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

It sweeps upon the sight and smell
In overwhelming tide,
And then the sense of taste as well
Betimes is gratified:
Three noble senses drowned in bliss!
I prithee tell me, what
Is there beside compares with this?
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

For if the fruit be proper young,
And if the crust be good,
How shall they melt upon the tongue
Into a savory flood!
How seek the Mecca down below,
And linger round that spot,
Entailing weeks and months of woe—
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

If Nature gives men appetites
For things that won't digest,
Why, let *them* eat whatso delights,
And let *her* stand the rest;
And though the sin involve the cost

Of Carlsbad, like as not,
'Tis better to have loved and lost—
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

Beyond the vast, the billowy tide,
Where my compatriots dwell,
All kinds of victuals have I tried,
All kinds of drinks, as well;
But nothing known to Yankee art
Appears to reach *the spot*
Like this Teutonic onion tart—
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

So, though I quaff of Carlsbad's tide
As full as I can hold,
And for complete reform inside
Plank down my hoard of gold,
Remorse shall not consume my heart,
Nor sorrow vex my lot,
For I have eaten onion tart,
Ach, Gott! mein lieber Gott!

A Western Boy's Lament

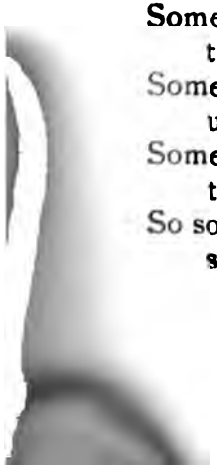
I wished I lived away down east where cod-
fish salt the sea,
And where the folks have pumpkin pie and
apple sass for tea.
Us boys who's livin' here out west don't get
more'n half a show—
We don't have nothin' else to do but jest to
sort o' grow.

Oh, if I was a bird I'd fly a million miles away
To where they feed their boys on pork and
beans three times a day;
To where the place they call the Hub gives
out its shiny spokes,
And where the folks—so father says—is
mostly women folks.

Seein' Things

I ain't afeard uv snakes, or toads, or bugs, or worms, or mice,
An' things 'at girls are skeered uv I think are awful nice!
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed,
For, when I'm tucked up warm an' snug an' when my prayers are said,
Mother tells me "Happy dreams!" and takes away the light,
An' leaves me lyin' all alone an' seein' things at night!

Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle uv the floor;
Sometimes they are a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' round
So softly an' so creepylike they never make a sound!



Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other
times they're white—
But the color ain't no difference when you see
things at night!

Once, when I licked a feller 'at had just moved
on our street,
An' father sent me up to bed without a bit to
eat,
I woke up in the dark an' saw things standin'
in a row,
A-lookin' at me cross-eyed an' p'intin' at
me—so!
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never
slep' a mite—
It's almost alluz when I'm bad I see things
at night!

Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to
death!
Bein' I'm a boy, I duck my head an' hold my
breath;
An' I am, oh! *so* sorry I'm a naughty boy, an'
then
I promise to be better an' I say my prayers
again!

Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make it right
When a feller has been wicked an' sees things at night!

An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,
I try to skwush the Tempter's voice 'at urges me within;
An' when they's pie for supper, or cakes 'at's big an' nice,
I want to—but I do not pass my plate f'r them things twice!
No, ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out o' sight
Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at night!

Our Whippings

Come, Harvey, let us sit awhile and talk about the times
Before you went to selling clothes and I to peddling rhymes—
The days when we were little boys, as naughty little boys
As ever worried home-folks with their everlasting noise!
Egad! and, were we so disposed, I'll venture we could show
The scars of wallopings we got some forty years ago;
What wallopings I mean, I think I need not specify—
Mother's whippings didn't hurt; but father's! oh, my!

The way that we played hookey those many years ago—
We'd rather give 'most anything than have our children know!
The thousand naughty things we did, the thousand fibs we told—

Why, thinking of them makes my Presbyterian
blood run cold!
How often Deacon Sabine Morse remarked, if
we were his
He'd tan our "pesky little hides until the blis-
ters riz!"
It's many a hearty thrashing to that Deacon
Morse we owe—
Mother's whippings didn't count—father's did,
though!

We used to sneak off swimmin' in those care-
less, boyish days,
And come back home of evenings with our
necks and backs ablaze;
How mother used to wonder why our clothes
were full of sand,
But father, having been a boy, appeared to
understand.
And, after tea, he'd beckon us to join him in
the shed,
Where he'd proceed to tinge our backs a
deeper, darker red;
Say what we will of mother's, there is none
will controvert
The proposition that our father's lickings
always hurt!

For mother was by nature so forgiving and so mild
That she inclined to spare the rod although she spoiled the child;
And when at last in self-defence she had to whip us, she
Appeared to feel those whippings a great deal more than we!
But how we bellowed and took on, as if we'd like to die—
Poor mother really thought she hurt, and that's what made *her* cry!
Then how we youngsters snickered as out the door we slid,
For mother's whippings never hurt, though father's always did.

In after years poor father simmered down to five feet four,
But in our youth he seemed to us in height eight feet or more!
Oh, how we shivered when he quoth in cold, suggestive tone:
"I'll see you in the woodshed after supper all alone!"
Oh, how the legs and arms and dust and trouser buttons flew—

What florid vocalisms marked that vesper interview!
Yet, after all this lapse of years, I feelingly assert,
With all respect to mother, it was father's whippings hurt!

The little boy experiencing that tinglin' 'neath his vest
Is often loath to realize that all is for the best;
Yet, when the boy gets older, he pictures with delight
The buffetings of childhood—as we do here to-night.
The years, the gracious years, have smoothed and beautified the ways
That to our little feet seemed all too rugged in the days
Before you went to selling clothes and I to peddling rhymes—
So, Harvey, let us sit awhile and think upon those times.

The Snakes That Rowdy Saw

These are the snakes that Rowdy saw:
Some were green and some were white,
Some were black as the spawn of night;
Some were yellow,
And one big fellow
Had monstrous blotches of angry red
And a scarlet welt on his slimy head;
And other snakes that Rowdy saw
Were of every hue
From pink to blue,
And the longer he looked, the bigger they grew!

An old he-snake with a frowzy head
Was one of the snakes that Rowdy saw.
This old he-snake he grinned and leered
When he saw that Rowdy was afeard;
And he ran out his tongue in frightful wise
As he batted his fireless dead-fish eyes;
And he lashed his tail
In the moonlight pale,

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As he batted his fireless dead-fish eyes;
And he lashed his tail
In the moonlight pale,

And he tickled his jaw with his left hind paw—
Did this old he-snake that Rowdy saw!

These hideous snakes that Rowdy saw
Wiggled and twisted
Wherever they listed,
Straightway glided
Or ambled one-sided.
There were some of those things
That had fiery wings—
Yes, some of the snakes that Rowdy saw
Hummed round in the air
With their eyeballs aglare
And their whiskers aflare,
And they hissed their approval of Rowdy's despair!

And some of the snakes that Rowdy saw
Had talons like bats,
And looked like a cross between buzzards and rats!
They crawled from his boots, and they sprawled on the floor,
They sat on the mantel, and perched on the door,
And grinned all the fiercer the louder he swore!

Out, out of his boots
Came the damnable brutes—
These murdersome snakes that Rowdy saw!
Strange cries they uttered,
And poison they sputtered
As they crawled or they fluttered!
This way and that
Their venom they spat,
Till Rowdy had doubts as to where he was at!

They twined round his legs, and encircled his waist;
His arms and his neck and his breast they embraced;
They hissed in his ears, and they spat in his eyes,
And with their foul breaths interrupted his cries.
Blue serpents, and green,
Red, yellow and black—
Of as hideous mien
As ever was seen
Girt him round, fore and back,
And higgling
And wriggling,
With their slimy and grimy preponderance they bore
Rowdy down to the floor. He remembers no more.

The sequel is this: The snakes that he saw
Were such hideous snakes, were such torturesome things,
With their poison-tipped fangs and their devil-claw wings,
That he speaks of them now with a meaningful awe;
And when in the bar-room the bottle goes round,
And wassail and laughter and "boodle" abound,
Poor Rowdy he turns down his glass with a sigh.
"Come, Rowdy, drink hearty!" the aldermen cry.
His palate is yearning, his fauces are dry,
The bottle appeals to his gullet and eye;
But he thinks of the snakes, and he—lets it go by.

Professor Vere de Blaw

Achievin' sech distinction with his model tabble dote
Ez to make his Red Hoss Mountain restauraw a place uv note,
Our old friend Casey innovated somewhat round the place,
In hopes he would ameliorate the sufferin's uv the race;
'Nd uv the many features Casey managed to import
The most important wuz a Steenway gran' pianny-fort,
An', bein' there wuz nobody could play upon the same,
He telegraffed to Denver, 'nd a real perfesser came,—
The last an' crownin' glory uv the Casey restauraw
Wuz that tenderfoot musicianer, Perfesser Vere de Blaw!

His hair wuz long an' dishybill, an' he had a yaller skin,
An' the absence uv a collar made his neck look powerful thin;

A sorry man he wuz to see, az mebby you'd surmise,
But the fire uv inspiration wuz a-blazin' in his eyes!
His name wuz Blanc, wich same is Blaw (for that's what Casey said,
An' Casey passed the French ez well ez any Frenchie bred);
But no one ever reckoned that it really wuz his name,
An' no one ever asked him how or why or whence he came,—
Your ancient history is a thing the Coloradan hates,
An' no one asks another what his name wuz in the States!

At evenin', when the work wuz done, 'nd the miners rounded up
At Casey's, to indulge in keerds or linger with the cup,
Or dally with the tabble dote in all its native glory,
Perfesser Vere de Blaw discoursed his music repertory
Upon the Steenway gran' pianny-fort, the wich wuz sot

In the hallway near the kitchen (a warm but quiet spot),
An' when De Blaw's environments induced the proper pride,—
Wich gen'rally wuz whiskey straight, with seltzer on the side,—
He throwed his soulful bein' into opry airs 'nd things
Wich bounded to the ceilin' like he'd mesmerized the strings.

Oh, you that live in cities where the gran' piannies grow,
An' primy donnies round up, it's little that you know
Uv the hungerin' an' the yearnin' wich us miners an' the rest
Feel for the songs we used to hear before we moved out West.
Yes, memory is a pleasant thing, but it weakens mighty quick;
It kind uv dries an' withers, like the windin' mountain crick,
That, beautiful, an' singin' songs, goes dancin' to the plains,
So long ez it is fed by snows an' watered by the rains;

But, uv that grace uv lovin' rains 'nd mountain
snows bereft,
Its bleachin' rocks, like dummy ghosts, is all
its memory left.

The toons wich the perfesser would perform
with sech eclaw
Would melt the toughest mountain gentleman
I ever saw,—
Sech touchin' opry music ez the Trovytory
sort,
The sollum "Mizer Reery," an' the thrillin'
"Keely Mort";
Or, sometimes, from "Lee Grond Dooshess" a
trifle he would play,
Or morsoze from a' opry boof, to drive dull
care away;
Or, feelin' kind uv serious, he'd discourse
somewhat in C,—
The wich he called a' opus—whatever that
may be;
But the toons that fetched the likker from the
critics in the crowd
Wuz *not* the high-toned ones, Perfesser Vere
de Blaw allowed.

'Twuz "Dearest May," an' "Bonnie Doon," an'
the ballard uv "Ben Bolt,"

Ez wuz regarded by all odds ez Vere de Blaw's best holt;
Then there wuz "Darlin' Nellie Gray," an' "Settin' on the Stile,"
An' "Seein' Nellie Home," an' "Nancy Lee," 'nd "Annie Lisle,"
And "Silver Threads among the Gold," 'nd "The Gal That Winked at Me,"
An' "Gentle Annie," "Nancy Till," an' "The Cot beside the Sea."
Your opry airs is good enough for them ez likes to pay
Their money for the truck ez can't be got no other way;
But opry to a miner is a thin an' holler thing—
The music that he pines for is the songs he used to sing.

One evenin', down at Casey's, De Blaw wuz at his best,
With four-fingers uv old Willer-run concealed beneath his vest;
The boys wuz settin' all around, discussin' folks an' things,
'Nd I had drawed the necessary keerds to fill on kings;
Three-fingered Hoover kind uv leaned acrosst the bar to say

If Casey'd liquidate right off, *he'd* liquidate
next day;
A sperrit uv contentment wuz a-broodin' all
around
(Onlike the other sperrits wich in restauraws
abound),
When, suddenly, we heerd from yonder
kitchen-entry rise
A toon each ornery galoot appeared to recog-
nize.

Perfesser Vere de Blaw for once eschewed his
opry ways,
An' the remnants uv his mind went back to
earlier, happier days
An' grappled like an' wrassled with a' old
familiar air
The wich we all uv us had heern, ez you
have, everywhere!
Stock still we stopped,—some in their talk uv
politics an' things,
I in my unobtrusive attempt to fill on kings,
An' Hoover leanin' on the bar, and Casey at
the till,—
We all stopped short an' held our breaths (ez a
feller sometimes will),
An' sot there more like bumps on logs than
healthy, husky men,

Ez the memories uv that old, old toon come
sneakin' back again.

You've guessed it? No, you haven't; for it
wuzn't that there song
Uv the home we'd been away from an' had
hankered for so long,—
No, sir; it wuzn't "Home, Sweet Home,"
though it's always heerd around
Sech neighborhoods in wich the home that *is*
"sweet home" is found.
And, ez for me, I seemed to see the past come
back again,
And hear the deep-drawed sigh my sister Lucy
uttered when
Her mother asked her if she'd practised her
two hours that day,
Wich, if she hadn't, she must go an' do it
right away!
The homestead in the States an' all its memo-
ries seemed to come
A-floatin' round about me with that magic
lumty-tum.

And then uprose a stranger wich had struck
the camp that night;
His eyes wuz sot an' fireless, 'nd his face wuz
spookish white,

The sequel is this: The snakes that he saw
Were such hideous snakes, were such torturesome things,
With their poison-tipped fangs and their devil-claw wings,
That he speaks of them now with a meaningful awe;
And when in the bar-room the bottle goes round,
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"Come, Rowdy, drink hearty!" the aldermen cry.
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The last an' crownin' glory uv the Casey restauraw
Wuz that tenderfoot musicianer, Perfesser Vere de Blaw!

His hair wuz long an' dishybill, an' he had a yaller skin,
An' the absence uv a collar made his neck look powerful thin;

'Nd he sez: "Oh, how I suffer there is nobody kin say,
Onless, like me, he's wrenched himself from home an' friends away
To seek surcease from sorrer in a fur, secloo-ded spot,
Only to find—alars, too late!—the wich sur-cease is not!
Only to find that there air things that, some-how, seem to live
For nothin' in the world but jest the misery they give!
I've travelled eighteen hundred miles, but that toon has got here first;
I'm done,—I'm blowed,—I welcome death, an' bid it do its worst!"

Then, like a man whose mind wuz sot on yieldin' to his fate,
He waltzed up to the counter an' demanded whiskey straight,
Wich havin' got outside uv,—both the likker and the door,—
We never seen that stranger in the bloom uv health no more!
But, some months later, what the birds had left uv him wuz found

Associated with a tree, some distance from the ground;
And Husky Sam, the coroner, that set upon him, said
That two things wuz apparent, namely: first, deceast wuz dead;
And, second, previously had got involved beyond all hope
In a knotty complication with a yard or two uv rope!

The Rime of the Crow Eater

Into the market place there came
(One autumn morning murky)
An old and battered veteran
To choose a proper turkey.

His coat tails and his shrunken shanks
Had cockle burrs stuck to 'em,
And his whiskers looked as if the wind
Of winter had blown through 'em.

And still as through those whiskers white
The breezes rudely fluttered,
The old man from a cracker-box
This strange recital uttered:

"Twice two long years," says he, "I've sot
Around the Grand Pacific,
And all that twice two years the feed
Has simply been terrific."

THE GRAND PACIFIC

"For twice two years I've eaten crow
In widely various weathers;
Not only meat and skin and bones,
But also claws and feathers!"

A CROW

"The crow it is a dismal bird,
And deeply I abhor it;
For twice two years I've lived on crow,
Though never clamoring for it.

" 'What have we on the bill to-day?'
I'd question of the waiter;
'Turk fer the rest,' sez he, 'but you
Gets crow an' cold pertater!'

"They gave me crow in every style
And every foreign name, sir—
Alas! no matter how disguised,
Crow always is the same, sir!

"Though it be christened *à la mode*,
Still is its flavor queer, sir;
No rhetoric can mitigate
Its consequences *here*, sir!

"In vain I fled from John B. Drake
To other restauraters;
In vain I sought for victuals else
Than crow and cold pertaters!"

A RESTAURANT

"They fed me crow and only crow
Until I thought I'd die, sir;

I got so full of crow at last
I half opined I'd fly, sir!

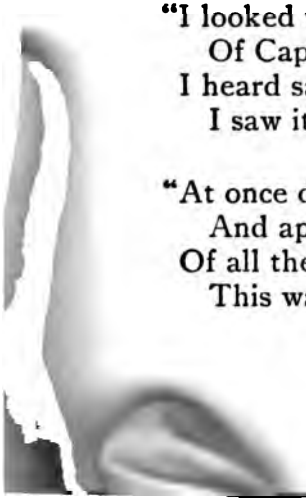
"For, as I said a spell ago,
In fair and stormy weathers,
I ate not only the skin and bones—
I ate also the feathers!

"The crow it is a noxious bird
To stomachs such as mine is;
But, heaven be praised! there is no ill
But some time has its *finis!*

"Once, as I chewed the bitter cud
Of gloomy introspections,
A cheery voice broke in upon
The thread of my reflections.

"I looked up and saw the face
Of Captain John R. Tanner!
I heard salvation in his voice—
I saw it in his manner!

"At once dispelled were gnawing griefs
And apprehensions gloomy;
Of all the spectacles on earth,
This was the most precious to me!"



SPECTACLES

"'John! John!' I wailed, 'give piteous ear
Unto my tale of woe, sir;
For twice two years I've eaten crow,
And eaten only crow, sir!

"'What wonder is it that I cry,
"*O tempora! O mores!*"
Since gnawing crow has worn away
My *dentes incisores!*'"

DENTES INCISORES

"'The bird of which you speak,' says John,
'It, too, has been *my* living;
But, Bailey, you and I shall gorge
On turkey, come Thanksgiving!

"'See here; I have a subtle soup
Corked up in this decanter,
With which I'll prove "*similia
Similibus curantur!"

"'I shall inject this subtle soup
Into our common foe, sir;
Then shall *we* get the turkey-bird,
And *they* shall get the crow, sir!

"'But never mind particulars—
Just wait and watch the sequel!
Oh, we shall lead them such a dance
As never had an equal!'"

A DANCE

"'Twas even as John Tanner said,
And you will not deny it
If you observe, Thanksgiving Day,
My changed and sumptuous diet!

"Times are more prosperous than they were—
Once more we've peace and plenty;
Turkey shall be my dainty feast
Next week, *Deo volente!*

"For twice two years I've lived on crow
Through ever changeful weathers—
Those twice two cycles fed on skins,
Bones, inwards, claws and feathers."

TWICE TWO CYCLES

"But fickle fate has brought me joy,
And, feeling blithe and perky,
I've come into the market place
To fetch a bouncing turkey.

"No senile, starveling bird will do—
But one that's young and tender;
One that is whiskerless and plump,
And of the female gender!"

A TURKEY

"I'll carve it next Thanksgiving Day,
And pour the oyster sauce on—
'Twill be a goodly change from crow!"
Quoth grand old Bailey Dawson.

The Aged Housewife's Prayer

I pray that, risen from the dead,
I may in glory stand,
A crown, perhaps, upon my head—
But a needle in my hand.

I've had no time to learn to play—
So let no harp be mine;
Through all my life, by night and day,
Plain sewing's been my line.

Therefore, accustomed, to the end,
To plying useful stitches,
I'll be content if asked to mend
The little angels' breeches.

Live long, dear, kindly woman—live long to bless us with your gentle works and Christian example; live long to gather from our hands and lips and hearts the debt of gratitude and love we owe!

Dutch Lullaby

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we";
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Japanese Lullaby

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
  Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging—
  Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,—
  Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
  Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,—
  Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks: "Is he sleeping—
  Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats a sob
  Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning—
  Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,—
  Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing?—see, I am swinging—
  Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

Norse Lullaby

The sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north
to-night;
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;"
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep."

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The king may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song *I* sing the best,—
Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, anext my heart
Sleep, little one, sleep.

Corsican Lullaby

Bambino in his cradle slept;
And by his side his grandam grim
Bent down and smiled upon the child,
And sung this lullaby to him,—
This "ninna and anninia":

"When thou art older, thou shalt mind
To traverse countries far and wide,
And thou shalt go where roses blow
And balmy waters singing glide—
So ninna and anninia!

"And thou shalt wear, trimmed up in points
A famous jacket edged in red,
And, more than that, a peakéd hat,
All decked in gold, upon thy head—
Ah! ninna and anninia!

"Then shalt thou carry gun and knife,
Nor shall the soldiers bully thee;
Perchance, beset by wrong or debt,
A mighty bandit thou shalt be—
So ninna and anninia!

"No woman yet of our proud race
Lived to her fourteenth year unwed;
The brazen churl that eyed a girl
Brought her the ring or paid his head—
So ninna and anninia!

"But once came spies (I know the thieves!)
And brought disaster to our race;
God heard us when our fifteen men
Were hanged within the market-place—
But ninna and anninia!

"Good men they were, my babe, and true,—
Right worthy fellows all, and strong;
Live thou and be for them and me
Avenger of that deadly wrong—
So ninna and anninia!"

Orkney Lullaby

A moonbeam floateth from the skies,
Whispering, "Heigho, my dearie!
I would spin a web before your eyes—
A beautiful web of silver light,
Wherein is many a wondrous sight
Of a radiant garden leagues away,
Where the softly tinkling lilies sway,
And the snow-white lambkins are at play,—
Heigho, my dearie!"

A brownie stealeth from the vine,
Singing, "Heigho, my dearie!
And will you hear the song of mine,—
A song of the land of murk and mist
Where bideth the bud the dew hath kist?
Then let the moonbeam's web of light
Be spun before thee silvery white,
And I shall sing the livelong night,—
Heigho, my dearie!"

The night wind speedeth from the sea,
Murmuring, "Heigho, my dearie!
I bring a mariner's prayer for thee;

So let the moonbeam veil thine eyes,
And the brownie sing thee lullabies;
But I shall rock thee to and fro,
Kissing the brow *he* loveth so,
And the prayer shall guard thy bed, I trow,—
Heigho, my dearie!"

Jewish Lullaby

My harp is on the willow-tree,
Else would I sing, O love, to thee
  A song of long-ago—
Perchance the song that Miriam sung
Ere yet Judea's heart was wrung
  By centuries of woe.

I ate my crust in tears to-day,
As scourged I went upon my way—
  And yet my darling smiled;
Ay, beating at my breast, he laughed—
My anguish curdled not the draught—
  'Twas sweet with love, my child!

The shadow of those centuries lies
Deep in thy dark and mournful eyes—
  But, hush! and close them now;
And in the dreams that thou shalt dream
The light of other days shall seem
  To glorify thy brow!

Our harp is on the willow-tree—
I have no song to sing to thee,
  As shadows around us roll·
But, hush and sleep, and thou shalt hear
Jehovah's voice that speaks to cheer
  Judea's fainting soul!

Armenian Lullaby

If thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes,
  My mulberry one, my golden sun!
The rose shall sing thee lullabies
  My pretty cosset lambkin!
And thou shalt swing in an almond-tree,
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee—
A silver boat in a golden sea—
  My own velvet love, my nestling dove,
    My own pomegranate blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well
  All night, my sweet! my dimple-feet!
And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,
  My gentle rain-of-springtime!
And for thy slumbrous play shall twine
The diamond stars with an emerald vine—
To trail in the waves of ruby wine—
  My myrtle bloom, my heart's perfume,
    My little chirping sparrow!

And when the morn wakes up to see
  My apple bright, my soul's delight!

The partridge shall come calling thee,
My jar of milk-and-honey!
Yes, thou shalt know what mystery lies
In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,
You wakeful one, you naughty son,
You cooing little turtle!

Cornish Lullaby

Out on the mountain over the town
  All night long, all night long,
The trolls go up and the trolls go down,
  Bearing their packs and crooning a song;
And this is the song the hill-folk croon,
As they trudge in the light of the misty moon,—
This is ever their dolorous tune:
"Gold, gold! ever more gold,—
    Bright red gold for dearie!"

Deep in the hill the yeoman delves
  All night long, all night long;
None but the peeping, furtive elves
  See his toil and hear his song;
Merrily ever the cavern rings
As merrily ever his pick he swings,
And merrily ever this song he sings:
"Gold, gold! ever more gold,—
    Bright red gold for dearie!"

Mother is rocking thy lowly bed
  All night long, all night long,

Happy to smooth thy curly head
And to hold thy hand and to sing her song;
'Tis not of the hill-folk, dwarfed and old,
Nor the song of the yeoman, stanch and bold,
And the burden it beareth is not of gold;
But it's "Love, love!—nothing but love,—
Mother's love for dearie!"

Mother and Child

One night a tiny dewdrop fell
Into the bosom of a rose,—
"Dear little one, I love thee well,
Be ever here thy sweet repose!"

Seeing the rose with love bedight,
The envious sky frowned dark, and then
Sent forth a messenger of light
And caught the dewdrop up again.

"Oh, give me back my heavenly child,—
My love!" the rose in anguish cried;
Alas! the sky triumphant smiled,
And so the flower, heart-broken, died.

The Two Little Skeezucks

There were two little skeezucks who lived in
the isle
Of Boo in a southern sea;
They clambered and rollicked in heathenish
style
In the boughs of their cocoanut tree.
They didn't fret much about clothing and such,
And they recked not a whit of the ills
That sometimes accrue
From having to do
With tailor and laundry bills.

The two little skeezucks once heard of a
Fair
Far off from their native isle,
And they asked of King Fan if they mightn't
go there
To take in the sights for a while.
Now old King Fan
Was a good-natured man
(As good-natured monarchs go),
And howbeit he swore that all Fairs were a
bore,
He hadn't the heart to say "No."

So the two little skeezucks sailed off to the Fair
In a great big gum canoe,
And I fancy they had a good time there,
For they tarried a year or two,
And old King Fan at last began
To reckon they'd come to grief,
When, glory! one day
They sailed into the bay
To the tune of "Hail to the Chief!"

The two little skeezucks fell down on the sand
Embracing his majesty's toes,
Till his majesty graciously bade them stand
And salute him nose to nose.
And then quoth he:
"Divulge unto me
What happenings have hapt to you;
And how did they dare to indulge in a Fair
So far from the island of Boo?"

The two little skeezucks assured their king
That what he surmised was true;
That the Fair would have been a different thing
Had it only been held in Boo!
"The folk over there in no wise compare
With the folk of the southern seas;

Why, they comb out their heads
And they sleep in beds
Instead of in caverns and trees!"

The two little skeezucks went on to say
That children (so far as they knew)
Had a much harder time in that land far away
Than here in the island of Boo!
They have to wear clo'es
Which (as every one knows)
Are irksome to primitive laddies,
While, with forks and with spoons, they're denied the sweet boons
That accrue from free use of one's paddies!

"And now that you're speaking of things to eat,"
Interrupted the monarch of Boo,
"We beg to inquire if you happened to meet
With a nice missionary or two?"
"No! that did we not; in that curious spot
Where were gathered the fruits of the earth,
Of that special kind
Which Your Nibs has in mind
There appeared a deplorable dearth!"

Then loud laughed that monarch in heathenish mirth,
And laughed his courtiers, too,

And they cried: "There is elsewhere no land
upon earth
So good as our island of Boo!"
And the skeezucks, tho' glad
Of the journey they'd had,
Climbed up in their cocoanut trees,
Where they still may be seen with no shirts to
keep clean
Or trousers that bag at the knees.

Nightfall in Dordrecht

The mill goes toiling slowly around,
With steady and solemn creak,
And my little one hears in the kindly sound
The voice of the old mill speak.
While round and round those big white wings
Grimly and ghostlike creep,
My little one hears that the old mill sings:
"Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The sails are reefed and the nets are drawn,
And, over his pot of beer,
The fisher, against the morning's dawn,
Lustily maketh cheer;
He mocks at the winds that caper along
From the far-off clamorous deep,—
But we—we love their lullaby song
Of, "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

Old dog Fritz in slumber sound
Groans of the stony mart,—
To-morrow how proudly he'll trot you round,
Hitched to our new milk-cart!

And you shall help me blanket the kine
  And fold the gentle sheep,
And set the herring a-soak in brine,—
  But now, little tulip, sleep!

A Dream-One comes to button the eyes
  That wearily droop and blink,
While the old mill buffets the frowning skies
  And scolds at the stars that wink;
Over your face the misty wings
  Of that beautiful Dream-One sweep,
And, rocking your cradle, she softly sings:
  "Sleep, little tulip, sleep!"

The Stork

Last night the Stork came stalking,—
And, Stork, beneath your wing
Lay, lapped in dreamless slumber,
The tiniest little thing!
From Babyland, out yonder
Beside a silver sea,
You brought a priceless treasure
As gift to mine and me!

Last night my dear one listened,—
And, wife, you knew the cry,—
The dear old Stork has sought our home
A many times gone by!
And in your gentle bosom
I found the pretty thing
That from the realm out yonder
Our friend the Stork did bring.

Last night a babe awakened,—
And, babe, how strange and new
Must seem the home and people
The Stork hath brought you to;

And yet, methinks you like them,—
  You neither stare nor weep,
But closer to my dear one
  You cuddle, and you sleep!

Last night my heart grew fonder—
  O happy heart of mine,
Sing of the inspirations
  That round my pathway shine!
And sing your sweetest love-song
  To this dear, nestling wee
The Stork from 'Way-Out-Yonder
  Hath brought to mine and me!

At Play

Play that you are a mother dear,
  And play that papa is your beau;
Play that we sit in the corner here,
  Just as we used to, long ago.
Playing so, we lovers two
  Are just as happy as we can be,
And I'll say "I love you" to you,
  And you say "I love you" to me!
"I love you" we both shall say,
All in earnest and all in play.

Or, play that you are that other one
  That some time came, and went away;
And play that the light of years agone
  Stole into my heart again to-day!
Playing that you are the one I knew
  In the days that never again may be,
I'll say "I love you" to you,
  And you say "I love you" to me!
"I love you!" my heart shall say
To the ghost of the past come back to-day!

Or, play that you sought this nestling-place
For your own sweet self, with that dual guise
Of your pretty mother in your face
And the look of that other in your eyes!
So the dear old loves shall live anew
As I hold my darling on my knee,
And I'll say "I love you" to you,
And you say "I love you" to me!
Oh, many a strange, true thing we say
And do when we pretend to play!

The English Mince Pie

The last of the Thanksgiving mince pie is gone; its end was as mysterious and portentous as its beginning and its career. I refer, of course, to the London mince pie, the occult conglomeration which we were beguiled into buying last November, while we labored under the delusion that to buy a mince pie was the patriotic thing for an American to do.

I remember the day distinctly; it was one of those cheerful, typical, foggy, suicidal days in which this London climate abounds. We were sitting in a drawing-room in the Quadrant. The slavey had just replenished the grate fire, and Colonel Reid, Cowen, Harry Dam, Tom Fielders, and I,—as superb a quintet of dyspeptics as ever discussed high food and hot biscuits,—gathered around the hearthstone and gazed into the flickering flames and talked about Thanksgiving dinner. It was agreed that turkey should be the pièce de résistance, and we rejoiced to

hear Tom Fielders say that he had heard Ralph Meeker tell somebody else that Leigh Lynch had told him that genuine American cranberries could be bought at a shop under Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. With turkey and genuine cranberry sauce we should be happy, and with that combination we should have been satisfied. But in an unlucky moment I ventured the suggestion that without a mince pie to symmetrize it no Thanksgiving dinner could be complete. A profound grunt of approval all around assured me that I had the sympathy of the entire community.

"And I know where mince pies can be bought," said Harry Dam. "I understand that there is but one caterer's in town where satisfaction is guaranteed. That is Buszard's in Oxford Street."

"I do not know that I particularly fancy that name," remarked Colonel Reid. "Buszard is a significant, not to say an ominous, name; as one who has always been loyal to the eagle, I object to Buszard."

"But really, colonel," expostulated Tom Fielders, "Buszard is the swell caterer of London; for years he has pandered to the royal household and to the nobility, and his shop is regarded hereabouts as the Mecca for all in

quest of sapid, succulent, and savory viands. If anybody can make a mince pie, Buszard can."

The result of the talk was that we all became highly enthusiastic on the subject of Buszard's mince pies, and when Cowen and I left the cheerful bachelor chambers we proceeded forthwith to Buszard's shop, a somewhat pretentious shop in Oxford Street just off Regent. The show-windows were filled with divers-colored confections, the tables were covered with truculent-looking puddings and cakes, and the atmosphere was laden with a perfume as of boiling maple sap.

It was our misfortune to fall into the clutches of a sallow-faced young man wearing a checkered suit of clothes, a dark-red necktie, and a head of coarse black hair larded down with odoriferous bear's grease—one of those garrulous young chappies who know it all and tell more. He assured us that "we" could make a mince pie—he called it "poy"; he knew what a genuine American mince pie was, had often made them for Americans, and would guarantee entire satisfaction. Miserable dupes that we were, we trusted the loquacious cockney How much would a pie, a genuine American mince pie, with real apples

and real meat in it, cost us? We were somewhat startled when he answered half a guinea. We told him that this was simple extortion—nay, the equivalent of $2.65 for a mince pie was unadulterated robbery! Why, in Potter Palmer's conscienceless restaurant in Chicago the finest native mince pie cost only $1, and that included melted cheese on top, and a genuine Senegambian prince at the side to serve it on hot plates. We rebelled against half a guinea as a man would take up arms against the iron heel of oppression. The garrulous young cockney then said that "we" would consult with the manager, and he disappeared through a swinging door, only to return presently to announce sententiously that seven and six was the very, very lowest price for which the pie could be provided. Fancying that we could do no better, we paid the low-browed robber that amount of money and bade him send the pie to our lodgings upon Thanksgiving afternoon, not later than three o'clock, Greenwich time.

At the appointed hour, surely enough, the goods (you see I speak cautiously) were delivered in an oblong box, which, upon examination, was found to contain a dish, and in the dish was the pie, or rather a pie, still warm.

The dish was oval in shape, ten inches long and four inches in depth.

I asked the servant if she knew what it was.

"Yes, sir; it's a Yorkshire pudding," said she.

"Put it away," said I.

Billy Knox and J. L. Sclanders, old newspaper co-workers from Chicago, dined with us.

"Now, boys," said I, at last, "I've got a surprise for you"; and the servant produced the pie—Buszard's mince "poy."

"I thought we were going to have mince pie?" said Cowen.

"So we are," said I.

"Ah, it's to come later?"

"No, this is it."

"That isn't a mince pie," expostulated Cowen; "that's a pudding. Nobody ever saw a mince pie served in a bowl!"

"But it is a mince pie," I insisted. "The leading London caterer made it; and it must be good."

I served the pie liberally. I did not dare eat any myself, for the doctor had forbidden that sort of thing. Then, too, on Thanksgiving day one can afford to be princely even in doling out pie at seven and six.

The pie had a thick double crust (by which I mean an upper and a lower crust), and be-

tween these crusts (*id est, supra et infra*) lay a black mass of lovely indigestible matter that smelled like a barber's shop.

Three inches of mince meat; think of it, ye housewives of my beloved native land!

I felt indignant when I saw that our guests did not devour the viand with voracity. I knew that the pie was good; it must be good, it had to be good, at seven and six!

"I think you must be mistaken about this," said my friend Knox, cautiously. "I have eaten mince pie all my life,—mince pie in the sacred groves of the Des Plaines, mince pie in the academic shades of Evanston, mince pie in the black-jack thickets of Egypt, and mince pie in the subterranean recesses of the Boston Oyster-house,—but never, no, never before, have I tasted mince pie like this mince pie. As I figure it, without prejudice, this is more like a fruit pudding."

My friend Sclanders said that upon one occasion, while he was a student in Munich, he had seen and partaken of a dish that quite resembled this particular dish; as he recollected, it was called Splutterungenleischliedgehabten. As for my old chum, Cowen, he had done (with every possible variation) all the territory between Buenavista, Colorado, and

Vienna, Austria, and he had never before met up with mince pie the like of this mince pie.

To make a long story short, what was left of Buszard's mince pie was set away in a corner of the cupboard, and Buszard's name was frequently but not felicitously mentioned.

In some way or other it got noised about that we had a genuine American mince pie in the house, and forthwith the Americans began to flock in upon us from every side. Ralph Meeker and his wife were amongst the first. Having had dyspepsia twenty years, Ralph was a mince-pie virtuoso. He just looked at our mince pie and said: "That's no pie; that's a Scotch bun!"

J. P. Andrews of Grand Rapids, Mich., went so far as to taste it, and for weeks and weeks afterward he said he felt as if he had a slab of verd-antique marble in his stomach.

M. E. Stone tried it, and then (just like him!) he posted off to Scotland Yard and hired a gang of detectives to find some clew as to what it was.

John C. New took a piece of it to his office with him, and used it for a paper-weight. Will Eaton thought that the substratum of the pie looked a good deal like the vein of a coal-mine he once owned out in Iowa. And so,

in one way and another, they all heaped contumely and obloquy upon that pie—that mince pie for which I had paid Buszard seven and six.

Once—now, this is a confession I have never made before—once, I say, I arose in the middle of the night and stole to the cupboard and partook of that swarthy pie. I was curious to determine for myself whether the pie merited all this ribald abuse, and whether a serious injustice was not being done to Buszard. The result of my investigation was complimentary neither to the pie nor to its compounder.

We then went back to bed,—the piece of pie and I,—and in dreams I saw a gaunt figure rise from a dark corner and approach me with the words: "At last, son-in-law, I have thee in my power." Next morning we arose,—that piece of pie and I,—and I was pale, exhausted, trembling. We kept company many moons. Had it not been for my wife, a most frugal soul, I should have thrown the remnants of the pie away, but my wife represented that it would be wicked to indulge in such extravagance. As it was, I did upon one occasion cast some bits of the pie to the sparrows that clustered, shiveringly and appealingly, upon the rail of the window balcony. It was

pathetic to see each hungry little creature hop down and pick up a crumb of the pie and hold it in his mouth and roll his eyes back and think, then sneeze, drop the crumb, and fly away, never to return.

A week ago last Sunday the dolorous tones of a hand-organ came up from the street below. A poor woman, wretchedly clad, was grinding out the melancholy tune of "Shall We Gather at the River?" It was a dreary, raw, chilly day. The woman looked pinched and hungry. Her husband, as ill clad as she, was wandering from house to house, beseeching pennies.

"My dear," said I to wife, "would it not be wise to give the rest of our mince pie to this poor woman, who is perhaps the mother of starving little ones?"

That finish caught my wife. "Of course," said she. "I knew we'd put the pie to some good use if we only kept it till the proper time came."

So I gathered up the remnants of the pie and carried them down-stairs to the poor woman. The squalid creature seized them eagerly and gulped them down with the ferocity of a famished wolf. "Grazia, signore!" I heard her say, as I walked away.

Her eyes were full of the tears of gratitude. I felt that I had done a worthy deed.

A few days later I chanced to meet Prof. Robert Aylmer, a distinguished chemist from Boston. He told me that a friend of his (Col. John C. Reid) had sent him for chemical analysis a specimen of English mince-meat, taken from a mince pie compounded by one Crow, an eminent London baker.

"You mean Buszard," said I.

"That may have been the name," said the professor. "At any rate, I analyzed the specimen and found it a curious compound, quite unlike our American mince pie. The constituent parts of this composition were, as I remember, as follows:

Lemon peel	10
Orange peel	10
Citron	5
Pineapple rind	15
Almonds	2
Caraway seeds	8
Cocoanut	5
Green figs	2
Brussels sprouts	10
Prunes	3
Epp's cocoa	2
Scotch whiskey	3
Stilton cheese	5
Pears' soap	20
Total	100

There was a slight trace of Thames water, but I deemed it hardly sufficient to be noticed. Altogether, the compound is a baleful one—as deadly, I think, as the breath of the vampire or the shade of the upas. I have sent a specimen to Professor Pasteur, in order that he may apply the biologic test, to determine if there be in it a germ likely to induce an epidemic."

So much for the scientific view of the American mince pie as concocted by Buszard, the swell caterer of London. I am no scientist; I am simply a modest chronicler of passing events.

Last Sunday I sat in this same chair, here in these humble lodgings, when suddenly came up from the street below the voice of that old, dolorous tune, "Shall We Gather at the River?"

"It is the poor swart daughter of Italy," I sighed; "she has come back gaunt and hungry. I would that I had food for her."

Overflowing as to my heart with pity, I went to the window and looked down at the sorry wretch grinding that wheezy organ. It was the husband, tattered and wan and shivering. He was alone, and upon his left arm he wore a rude strip of black crape.

Our Boy

The poet has said that in the springtime the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. But there is many a young man in this great world of ours who turns his vernal attention to many an object other than love—would that he did not! How shall we describe him? Is he not indescribable, inexpressible, ineffable? He is known the world over in every truly happy home as "Our Boy," and, in spite of his deviltry, and in spite of the worry he occasions us, who is there among us that will not say amen to the sentiment, "God bless him"?

In this mild, malarious weather of spring "Our Boy" arises early of a morning. He has rested well; a dreamless sleep has prepared him for another day of conquest. He begins his diurnal career by awakening the whole household. Perchance he drives his velocipede up and down the back hall; may be he enlivens the situation in the kitchen with a rough-and-tumble battle with the argus-eyed

hired girl, whose blessed prerogative it is to defend the family sugar bowl against all depredatory comers. One thing can be depended upon: "Our Boy" will let everybody within hearing distance know that he then and there is on earth and has come to stay. Another thing can be depended upon: "Our Boy" will put on his best clothes instead of his every-day clothes unless his sagacious mother has sequestered those best clothes in one of those mysterious hiding places which womankind is so fertile in devising. "Our Boy" is wondrously proud of his best trousers—proud of them until he gets them on. When he once gets them on he seems to be equally proud of ruining them as fast as he can.

The game of marbles is an invention of the devil in the interest of tailors and to the distraction of mothers. The morning and the evening of the first day constitute the pathetic history of many a knickerbocker at this season of the year. A plague on the "mibs," the "alleys," the "chinas," the "agates," the "brandies," the "flints," the "catseyes," and the "carnelians," we say! Why is it that the boys of to-day are not as proper, as neat, and as orderly as their fathers used to be when *they* were boys? Another delight which engages

"Our Boy" just now is that of fishing. Well, may be his piscatorial penchant is inherited; there is certainly no pleasanter nor more harmless employment than that of angling. But the line should be drawn at the practice which "Our Boy" makes of wading around in two feet of water, netting minnows two inches long. This practice would seem to prove to our complete satisfaction that our boys are degenerate.

But what adds insult to injury is the habit which "Our Boy" has fallen into of bringing his wretched little fish home in oyster cans and dumping them for permanent abode in the family bath-tub. It is a mighty cheerful thing for a father to march into a bath-room for purposes of ablution, only to find the tub half full of wriggling minnows. To add to his vexation, these miserable fish lie close to the top of the water and thrust their heads half out and mouth at one as if mocking him. Wretched creatures, we would the pickerel had you all!

But before all marbles that roll and all fish that swim, "Our Boy" loves the dog; the measlier the dog the more lovable is he in the eyes of "Our Boy." Why is it, we wonder—can anybody explain it—that "Our Boy's" dog

is always a tramp and always of the feminine gender? Another thing that excites our wonder is the universal fact that "Our Boy" is hardly able to carry his spelling book to and from school, and yet thinks nothing of lugging a dog four miles and a half. "Our Boy" may not weigh forty-five pounds, but every blessed day of his life he comes into the house carrying a 125-pound dog under his arm with ease and with enthusiasm.

And the beauty of it is that the miserable, ore-eyed, mangy cur seems to enjoy "Our Boy" quite as much as "Our Boy" enjoys the cur. Well, that's where the cur's head is level, for the cur not only gets the best edibles in the house but is decorated with the choicest ribbons "Our Boy" can find in his mother's bureau, and is honored with a name wholly unfitte to one of the cur's sex.

So it is that "Our Boy" lives and moves and has his being. And between his marbles and his fish and his wretched dogs and his thousand other grotesque delights, he worries his poor old father and his patient mother nearly into their untimely graves. Yet when the day is done and "Our Boy" goes to that dreamless sleep of his, who, seeing the innocent beauty of his slumbering face, does not

forget the care he has brought and think only of the music and the sunshine of his little life?

"Ah, there he lies—so peaceful like—
God bless his golden head!
We quite forgive the little tyke
For the ill he's done or said."

Three Boys

An o'erweening love for brute pets seems to be one of the sure signs of the degeneracy of the rising generation. We do not remember that in the halcyon days of youth we were addicted to any of the monstrosities which, within the last two years, we have found in the possession of the three boys who are bringing our scant hair in sorrow to the grave. In fact, when we compare the exceeding propriety of our own youth with the shocking depravity of our progeny, we are disposed to think that our civilization is a failure.

We now desire to say a few words on the subject of rabbits.

About ten days ago the three boys above referred to came back from a foraging expedition with a rabbit—a sort of brindle rabbit with albino eyes and a tail like a cottonwood blow. We represented to the boys that, with a lame chicken dodging around in the front chamber, the bath-tub full of minnows and crawfish, a brood of unfledged chimney-swallows in the lower drawer of their mother's

bureau, a pouter-pigeon roosting on our folio edition of Bunyan, and a disreputable dog sprawling about on the furniture, a once happy home had been made about as miserable as it could stand.

"But it's a wabbit! oh, such a pooty wabbit!"

Finally—we wonder why it is that a mother always takes up her boys—finally, we say, all the parties concerned agreed to a compromise under the terms of which the lame chicken, the crawfish, the minnows, the pouter-pigeon, and the chimney-swallows were to go, incontinently, and the "wabbit" was to remain. The boys were to have the "wabbit," and nothing else whatever—not even tickets to the circus! So the "wabbit" was turned loose in the back yard and for a considerable time was seen no more. Next morning a small, round, dark hole burrowed diagonally into the rich, loamy earth of the back yard indicated that the rabbit had retired temporarily from civilization. About three times a day the boys used to go out in the back yard and empty water and preserves and cake into the hole, in order that the rabbit might not perish of thirst or starvation.

In about two days the house began to settle

and John Root, whom we summoned to investigate the proceedings professionally, was greatly puzzled. He found the foundation of the house entirely adequate, yet it was plain that the foundation was undermined and was sinking. Next day the northwest corner of a neighbor's house sunk fourteen inches, giving the beholder the impression that the house was located on a side hill; it made a person seasick to look at it.

Presently other houses in the block began to settle, and by this time there was a general alarm.

Mr. Root called a consultation of the leading experts, but there was a diversity of opinion as to the causes of this remarkable deflection of the earth's surface. The most plausible theory seemed to be that a secret subterranean eddy or whirlpool had crept in from the lake and was slowly crumbling the earth from under the foundations of the structures in question. It was determined to apply a test, and accordingly men were set to work with a long steel borer—the kind that is used for boring wells in the prairie. After boring half a day the men pulled up the auger in the expectation that a fountain of crystal lake water would bubble forth. But instead of

water what should issue from the earth but that rabbit, followed by the smaller rabbits, all with albino eyes and tails like cottonwood blows!

It now appeared to Mr. Root and to his syndicate of fellow-scientists (and it was equally clear to us) that these rabbits had caused the mischief; that, observing their inscrutable instincts, they had burrowed hither and thither, up and down, rectangularly and catacornered, until, as a result of their diabolical industry, they had undermined the whole neighborhood with a network, a catacomb, a labyrinth of subterranean passages, avenues, and corridors.

"Our wabbit! our wabbit! But where did all dose little wabbits come from?"

That is the question that we have been unable to answer.

We never supposed, until we saw it demonstrated, that merely by planting a rabbit (as you would a potato) you could eventually harvest a large, an awful, crop of rabbits!

The Mother-in-Law

Not a day passes that we do not find in the column of our exchanges many sarcastic flings at one of the most useful of human institutions—viz., the mother-in-law. It has always been an occasion of surprise and of chagrin to us that men of seeming intelligence and heart could so debase their manliness as to jeer at and sneer at one of the worthiest classes of womankind. We expect low, coarse wit of the negro minstrel, and we are not amazed that within the narrow limitations imposed by his lack of intelligence and of delicacy the negro minstrel should utilize the mother-in-law as the favorite butt of his vulgar ridicule. But when we see this tendency exhibited by men who pretend to more elevated purposes—by those who claim to be in a peculiar sense educators of the people and molders of public opinion—what wonder that the spectacle excites our disgust and execration.

A vast majority of men, speaking from personal experience, would say with us, we think, that the mother-in-law is one of the most wel-

come, most convenient, and most blessed features in social and domestic economy. Surely there is no good man that, thinking of his own mother and of his own grandmother, will not invoke God's sweetest blessings on the dear old lady who is his wife's mother and his children's grandma.

Shame upon us if we were to defame this patient, kindly friend!

Has she not given us the woman who makes life worth living? Has she not always been ready to help us in every struggle, to comfort us in every affliction, and to lighten the burden of domestic cares? Has she not taught us by her prudent counsels how to escape many dangers and to avoid many embarrassments? Has she not exemplified in all her associations with us the purity, the simplicity, and the patience of her character, and the disinterestedness and fullness of her joy?

Now, when it comes to the father-in-law, we might sing in a different key. How does it happen that these sarcastic penny-a-liners do not devote their questionable talents to a discussion of the father-in-law — the cranky, wheezy, gummy old gentleman who sits around on the front stoop in the sun all day and snores like a planing-mill all night?

What does *he* do for the family? What does *he* know about sick children? Have you ever seen *him* teaching your small boy how to sharpen a slate pencil with the bread-knife? Has *he* inked new eyes on your little girl's rag baby? Did *he* ever put patches on the knees of the boys' trousers and keep the family darning cleaned up to date? Has *he* ever gone to the kitchen and cooked a meal of victuals whenever the hired girl flounced off in a rage? Has *he* ever done anything but sodger around like a dog with a sore ear, and talk about his liver and complain of the degeneracy of the times?

Yet you witlings humor this pesky old varmint; why? Because you hope to get value received when his will is probated. Venal wretches that you are, you tolerate and flatter this mumbling nuisance while you execrate the dear old saint who helps you to hold up your hands against the world.

Always busy yet always cheerful, continually annoyed yet always patient, her useful life should have our gratitude, our praise, our emulation. She is content with little, and so used has she become to work that if she is ever disposed to rebel it is against the promise of rest in eternity.

The Tragedie of Elaine

Yester night it befell that our joyous citoyzen, McVicker hight, let crie a play wherein was given the mournful histories of Elaine, the faire maide of Astolate, the whyche hath been done into goodly Englishe verse by the renoned minstrell Lathrop and the plaier Harry Edouards. Now wit ye well that there was a full merrie concourse of peoples from every part, comyng with plaisaunt conversations and great cheere for to see and to heere these proper histories whereof we spoke. In sooth, never hath ther ben so vast and so goodly a companie, a many ladies and their knights dight right fairly and making joyous discourse. But anone it was mervail to see how that the high and mighty gentles did wepe for the sorrowes of Elaine! It maketh the herte glad to see the noble porke packers and the larde refiners and eke the bourde of trade men to mone and make great dole for the love of a faire maide that dyed full ten hundred yeres syne. But certes, ther ben soche pitty in

Chicago that by as moche soap as a man hath by so moche more doth it beseem him to make ado when that he is so minded. So it was, yester night, that the most grievous weping was made by the gentles with the bigest wallets and the bigest dimondes. And ther ben one pore man that ben trown out for that he did moe weping than he had a right to do on a cheape ticket.

Whiles they let do the first intermission we asket the full riche linseed oil dealer, Beasley hight, how he was minded towards the play.

"Marry come up with a wannion," quoth he. "I wend it ben a good show, but not as good as Camille."

"Gad zooks," saies the porke packer, ycleped Bosbyshell, "this ben rot! But that I wist they wold let do a society play, be Cokis blode, I had gone to the Arabian Nights instead."

Touching the same, a haut member of the West Syde Browning club sayed that one rattling ballay colde do moe business in Chicago than thrice seven plays that be made of poesie.

Then whiles the folk did pass full merrily to and fro, saying wordes of cheere, the orchestra did make musick as ill beseemed the

time and did play soche tunes as "Sally in Our Alley," "I'm a Dude," "She wears a dotted muslin, tra, la, la," and the like. Soothly this orchestra ben great mervail and hath no peer nowhere. Ther ben 12 men in that orchestra and they let do one tune in 12 keys, the whyche maketh our bach ake.

Now of this same Elaine of Astolate hath divers persons written, of which the most renoned ben Sr. Tomas Mallory, knight, and Lord Alfred Tennyson, bart., but never hath none, sithence the daies wherein she made her grievous end, told of that maide and her unhappy love so plaisauntly as hath these same the whyche did make this play. When that this play was first let do in New York, ther ben critics that did despite it sore, for that they said the play was taken from Lord Tennyson, and ther ben one critic that did shew how that moche was therefrom, whereat all folk laughen loud when that the true author shewed this to be not no soche thing, but that hee himself writ these same very words. Of this hath a minstrell made this proper sonet:

A New York critic, Winter hight,
Upon a time did sore despite
A play & him as he wrote it;

He set a straw man on a hill;
Then, couching his prodigious quill,
  Most grievously he smote it.

"Meseemeth, 'neath that poet guise
The baseborn caitiff Lathrop lies—
  And he's the prey I've layed for;
& it behooves me now to fare
Against that prey and raise its hair—
  Syn that is what I'm paid for."

So up & down that critic rased
& backe & foorth he foyned & trased
  & monstrous strookes deliverd;
Till that, from hacking at that straw
In direst wise you ever saw,
  His quill was all to-shivered.

& when he made an end at last
& when that man of straw was brast
  Like so much straw asunder,
Loud laughen peoples all to see
That critic angred for that he
  Had made a grewsome blunder.

It was not Lathrop that he slew,
Though that was what he meant to do
  With his egregious feather;
'Twas Tennyson he slew so bold—
Then was that critic, we ben told,
  Beset by wintry weather.

Now in this play whereof we speke ther ben thirteen actours—to-wit, Kyng Arthure, sir Bernard, the lord of Astolate; sir Torre, sir Launcelot, sir Lavaine, a dombe man; sir Gawaine, a holie munck; a harper, queene Guenever, Elaine, the maide of Astolate; Llanyed, and Roselle. And ther ben in the play five partes most faire accoutred, of whych the first ben in a hall of Arthure's court wherein the full evill queen doth give her rede unto sir Launcelot that he fare to the jousts at Astolate. Then come we to Astolate where ther ben a feast to sir Launcelot with great cheere, and then doth Elaine, the lilly maide, be assotted upon sir Launcelot, nor knew no maide never befo none soche love like as this love of the faire maide for sir Launcelot. But, soothly, when that she wolde have him unto her husbande he sayeth her nay, for that he loves the queene nor none other. "Then shall I die, y-wise," saies shee; and, when that he ben gone, she maketh her prayers and she lets write a letter to sir Launcelot that he give the masse peny and that he pray some prayer more or lesse for her soule, and so shee dies. Right nobly were these things said and done, save and excepting onely that the damosel May Brooking ill knew her lines and did rase

and trase about the stage like unto a steere in a box carre. But of yonge Salvini truly colde it be said that he was sir Launcelot in look and werde and deede. And passing faire was the queen Guenever that the damosel Marie Burroughs did play. But a wicked queene shee was, and full of evill redes. Verily, it is great mervail how that a queene colde be so evill when ther ben no bourde of trade men around.

In especiall did the peoples all speke to the praise of the lady Anne Russell, for that she did with soche mekeness and humility and gentlenesse pourtray the sorrowes of the maide of Astolate. Soothly had the maide hersell been there and had shee lived her wofull life before them all, ther had been no greater mone nor soche dole of weping. And when that the barge bearing the corpse of the gentle maide sweept downe the flood with that dombe man at the helme, then wit ye well the folk fell all to moning full sore and many ther ben of the ladies had like to swound. Yet it repented none to have come thither and to have heerd agen the mournful histories of the faire Elaine, for this play teecheth us how deare a thing is woman's love and how that none fear of death can shake it—nay, that she

had liefer die than abate one jot or title thereof. And in it all ther ben tendernesse and herte and teres, and who shall speke the full goodness of these things? For as the herte ben the sanctuary of men, so can ther never be no moe swete and holie thing than that whyche toucheth the herte and openeth the dores thereof and entereth therein to find lodgment.

Godde graunt us evereche grace to hold steadfastly unto this beleeve, and Godde make us men all worthy of that love whyche, as the story of Elaine doth shew, despiseth death and endureth all things for our sake.

Always Right

Don't take on so, Hiram,
  But do what you're told to do;
It's fair to suppose that yer mother knows
  A heap sight more than you.
I'll allow that sometimes *her* way
  Don't seem the wisest, quite;
But the *easiest* way,
When she's had her say,
  Is to reckon your mother is right.

Courted her ten long winters—
  Saw her to singin' school—
When she went down one spell to town,
  I cried like a durned ol' fool;
Got mad at the boys for callin'
  When I sparked her Sunday night,
But she said she knew
A thing or two,
  And I reckoned your mother wuz right.

I courted till I wuz aging
  And she wuz past her prime—
I'd have died, I guess, if she hadn't said yes
  When I popped f'r the hundreth time;

Said she'd never have took me
If I hadn't stuck so tight—
Opined that we
Could never agree,
And I reckon yer mother wuz right!

Mr. Billings of Louisville

There are times in one's life which one cannot forget,
And the time I remember's the evening I met
A haughty young scion of bluegrass renown
Who made my acquaintance while painting the town;
A handshake, a cocktail, a smoker, and then
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

There flowed in his brains the blue blood of the south
And a cynical smile curled his sensuous mouth;
But he quoted from Lanier and Poe by the yard,
But his purse had been hit by the war, and hit hard;
I felt that he honored and flattered me when
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

I wonder that never again since that night
A vision of Billings has hallowed my sight;

I pine for the sound of his voice and thrill
That comes with the touch of a ten-dollar bill;
I wonder and pine, for—I say it again—
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

I've heard of what old Whittier sung of Miss Maud—
But all such philosophy's nothing but fraud
To one who's a bear in Chicago today,
With wheat going up and the devil to pay,
These words are the saddest of tongue or of pen:
"Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten."

The Midway

The shades of night were falling fast
As through the World's Fair portal passed
A certain Adlai Stevenson,
Whose bead-like eyes were fixed upon
The Midway.

He was the very favorite son
Of proud, immortal Bloomington;
And hankering for forbidden joys,
He pined to whoop up with the boys
The Midway.

"Try not those fakes," a stranger said,
"Unless you're hankering to be bled!"
Alas, these words were all for naught—
With still more fervor Adlai sought
The Midway.

"Beware the divers games of chance,
Beware that Street-in-Cairo dance!"
All in vain this warning cry,
Old Adlai whooped, as he sailed by,
The Midway.

But why pursue this harrowing tale?
Far better we should drop the veil
Of secrecy before begin
His exploits in that Vale of Sin,
The Midway.

Inter-State Commerce

In 'eighty-six right evil tricks
Reformers sought to play;
They formed a pool wherewith to fool
The state that had to pay.

With divers winks and smiles, methinks,
One Rees the pillage planned—
And as for Clen (that best of men)!
He took a quiet hand.

He argued so (by which you'll know
A godly man was he):
"Quite different things are pools from rings—
This pool's the thing for me!

"For years I've been a foe to sin—
I find it does not pay;
I'll share your guile a little while,
But am not in to stay!

"When breezes blow and blasts of woe
Seem threatening every minute,
I'll skip the game to save my name
And swear I wasn't in it!"

'Twas thus to each his cautious speech
In godly phrases ran;
"Whate'er betide," the others cried,
We'll "save the honest man!"

The crash has come and there are some
Who thinks that Clen's to blame,
But Rees et al, defend their pal,
And bless his righteous name.

And Clen denies and rolls his eyes
In fashion most dejected;
It's hard on Clen when godly men
Are not from wrath protected.

Fisherman Jim's Kids

Fisherman Jim lived on a hill
With his bonnie wife an' his little boys;
'Twuz "Blow, ye winds, as blow ye will—
Naught we reck of your cold and noise!"
For happy and warm were he an' his,
And he handled his kids upon his knee
To the song of the sea.

Fisherman Jim would sail all day,
But when come night upon the sands
His little kids ran from their play,
Callin' to him an' wavin' their hands;
Though the wind was fresh and the sea was high,
He'd hear 'em—you bet—above the roar
Of the waves on the shore!

Once Fisherman Jim sailed into the bay
As the sun went down in a cloudy sky,
And never a kid saw he at play,
And he listened in vain for the welcoming cry;
In his little house he learned it all,
And he clinched his hands and he bowed his head—
"The fever!" they said.

'Twuz a pitiful sight for Fisherman Jim
With them darlin's a-dyin' afore his eyes,
A-stretchin' their wee hands out to him
An' a-breakin' his heart with the old-time cries
He had heered so often upon the sands,
For they thought they wuz helpin' his boat ashore,
Till they spoke no more.

But Fisherman Jim lived on and on,
Castin' his nets an' sailin' the sea:
As a man will live when his heart is gone
Fisherman Jim lived hopelessly,
Till once in those years they come an' said:
"Old Fisherman Jim is powerful sick—
Go to him quick!"

Then Fisherman Jim says he to me:
"It's a long, long cruise—you—understand—
But over beyont the ragin' sea
I kin see my boys on the shinin' sand
Waitin' to help this ol' hulk ashore
Just as they used to—ah, mate, you know!
In the long ago."

No, sir! he wuzn't afeared to die;
For all night long he seemed to see
His little boys of the days gone by
An' to hear sweet voices forgot by me;
"They're holdin' me by the hands!" he cried,
An' so he died.

Rev. Sam Small and Rev. Sam Jones

I.

"I'll never chaw terbacker—no,
Nor smoke, nor snuff at all!
Folks say it is a deadly sin,"
Says Rev. Samuel Small.

II.

But lo! as if in answer to
His partner's chiding tones:
'I shaw terbacker, and I smoke!
Says Rev. Samuel Jones.

III.

But seeing how the Rev. Small
And other folks did scoff
Because he used the filthy weed,
The Rev. Jones swore off.

IV.

So glory be to Small and Jones,
Those best of preacher-men,
And let us pray that, since they're off,
They'll not swear on again.